

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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### "THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN."

By RITA.

*Author of "Dame Durden," "Gretchen," "Darby and Joan," "Sheba," etc., etc.*

#### BOOK III.

##### CHAPTER I.

##### THE STORY OF DOUGLAS HAY.

YOUTH is headstrong and impetuous. That is no new thing to say; we have all heard it often enough.

I suppose it was only natural that I, Douglas Hay, scapegrace and ne'er-do-well as I had always been called, should have consumed most of my hot-headed, youthful days in longings to be free and untrammelled—to escape the bondage of conventionality, and the burden of narrowmindedness, and the mixture of cant and shrewdness, psalm-singing, kirk-going, and money-getting, which, to my mind, represented my nation, or such of it as had come under my ken.

My mother I had never known; my father was a tyrant in disposition and a miser in habits; my home a dreary and unhappy one, against which I had instinctively rebelled, and which, to my youthful mind, had represented only a place of punishment, fault-finding, and hardships.

I must frankly confess that I never willingly spent an hour there which I could possibly spend anywhere else, and that my father was never sorry to see my back turned on his house.

If flogging, and semi-starvation, and sarcasm are good rules for bringing up a child, then assuredly I should have been a model of excellence, but as the character I bore

in my native place was that of a "born reprobate," I can only suppose that the treatment signally failed in what it was intended to do for me.

Pious elders of the Kirk shook their heads as they passed me by; worthy mothers of families tried the effects of a "word in season," but their idea of "season" invariably clashed with mine, and the seed never sprang up, or took any root worth speaking of.

I went to school, and, having a fair amount of ability, I managed to acquire as much knowledge as the generality of boys ever do. The masters always said I might have "done better"; but as a rule they are a race niggardly of praise and impossible to please. I made little attempt to win either praise or satisfaction from them, and they reported me to my father according to their judgement and opinion.

Needless to say it differed somewhat from my own.

When school-days were over, the question of my future career was mooted, and here again I and the author of my being were very widely opposed in our views. I wished to be a soldier—he would not hear of it, but was bent upon my entering the Church. This I resolutely refused to do, and while the battle waged I led a very idle and reprehensible life.

I was fond of gaiety and amusement; I desired, above all things, experience, and I set to work to gain it in whatever way seemed to me good. Women petted me and were fond of me. I had the talent or facility which makes a young man popular—that is to say, I was a fair musician, a good dancer, an excellent shot, and was possessed of indefatigable energy and spirits.

The women took me up, and the men

abused me; between them they afforded me plenty of amusement and occupation.

I was as seldom at home as I could help, and the gulf between my father and myself grew wider and wider as time went on, till I was too old to be tyrannised over, and too independent to be bullied.

An old aunt—whom I had never seen—died suddenly, and left me about fifty pounds a year. It was not much, but it made me independent of my father, and, though the miser's side of his nature rejoiced at the saving of expense, the tyrannical was displeased at the comparative freedom and independence I could now enjoy.

I went to Edinburgh and Glasgow, delighted with the new sense of liberty. I made plenty of friends and acquaintances, some, perhaps, less safe than others; but what cares youth for danger, risk, or reputability?

I went back to my native town after one of these visits to the capital, and there, for the first time, I met the fate that sooner or later overtakes all manhood. I did not at first understand what such a meeting might mean for me. I did not think it was in me to care seriously or deeply for any woman. For their own sakes, I am sorry to say, women had led me to consider them in a very light and depreciative manner. But somehow this small slip of girlhood, with her wistful little face, and big, dark, solemn eyes, touched some chord in my nature as yet unawakened or recognised even by myself.

She was so innocent, so young; there was something about her so altogether fragile and pathetic that she seemed to attract love and tenderness as naturally as a child. How easy it was to win her interest—to make that interest ripen into something warmer, deeper, more passionate! The baseness of rivalry was not wanting as an incentive, had I needed such. I could see her cousin Kenneth cared for her from the first; but he was a cold and cautious wooer, and it needed little effort on my part to push him out of the field. A more formidable rival, however, arose in the shape of the Laird of Corriemoor, one of the richest and best-known of Highland landowners, who had fallen, I plainly saw, an easy victim to the little winsome lass who was every one's pet and favourite.

Even as I write these words the sense of my own baseness and ingratitude

underlies them each and all. She loved me so truly, and so deeply; and I—well, Heaven knows I loved her too; but that did not prevent my behaving as only a scoundrel and a coward would have behaved.

Often I asked myself why? Even now it is somewhat of a mystery to me—now, when the wide seas roll between us, and she and I may, in all probability, touch hands in love or friendship never, never more!

In these long, lonely nights, pacing to and fro the deck of the ship that bears me further and further away, how often I have thought of her—with what a mingling of regret, and sorrow, and desire!

And yet, what could have come of our love but misfortune and unhappiness? Every one opposed it, and I could not blame them for doing so.

I had sown my reputation years before by many an ill deed, and careless word, and idle habit. What other harvest could I expect to reap than the one I had gathered in?

Some sudden fit of remorse and disgust with myself, and the influence brought to bear on me by another woman, resulted in an abrupt break between Athole Lindsay and myself.

I know that woman is unworthy to be named in the same breath with the girl I loved. She was a syren, made to snare men's fancies. Their conquest had long been to her an easy and everyday matter. I read her very clearly from the first, and the reading amused me, as did the pretty, subtle love-making, so thinly disguised under the friendly interest and attentions she bestowed on me.

Heaven knows I don't say this out of vanity. I seemed but a boy in years to Mrs. Dunleith, and she affected to treat me as such. What broke down her guard, and enlightened me as to her feelings, was her jealousy of Athole Lindsay. One night that jealousy burst forth as a slumbering fire long hidden may do, and then I found myself caught in that whirlwind of passion, reproach, and anger which some women call love.

The scene was terrible—the more so because unexpected, and, by me, certainly undeserved. I soothed her as best I could, and, in somewhat cowardly fashion, perhaps, made light of her suspicions with regard to Athole. I declared that there was no engagement between us, and the announcement seemed to content her. Then, to cut the Gordian knot of my difficulties,

and seeing that the Laird of Corriemoor was very much in earnest in his attentions, I took myself off suddenly, and without notice or farewell to either Mrs. Dunleith or Athole.

I went to Edinburgh, and sulked there in smouldering misery, that longed to vent itself on some one, and yet was perfectly aware of its own inability to do so. It had been selfish and self-sought, and I could see no way out of it.

A braver and more unselfish nature would never have set itself to win a young girl's heart and love for no better purpose than its own gratification.

I see that all so plainly now; but I did not see it then—or was it that I needed the sharp touch of sorrow's lash to teach me my lesson? In a state of wrath, disgust, and dissatisfaction I lingered for a while in Edinburgh, and then wrote to Athole to free her from the obligation which I felt I had in some way forced upon her.

I think now that my letter must have seemed cruel to her, though I meant it for the best. In the mood I was in at that time I was not capable of calm or temperate judgement. I set her free, and perhaps only in those long weeks of silence that followed on her part, did I begin to feel how much I really cared for her.

Then Mrs. Dunleith appeared on the scene again. But she chose a new rôle now. The syren was laid aside, and the friend took her place. Tender sympathy, warm interest, frank and cordial companionship—these were all at my service, veiled now and then by some word, or tone, or look, which recalled, without alarming, the old memories and the old days.

I should have been more than mortal man had I resisted the gradual influence that was brought to bear upon my life at that time, when I was most reckless and most unhappy.

I wondered why a woman so beautiful, and so formed to attract men as Dora Dunleith, should care to waste her thoughts and attentions on me. I made but poor return, Heaven knows, yet she never seemed to resent my "brusquerie" or my coldness. Perhaps now that she knew her rival was out of the field she felt that she could wait with patience.

An older man might have yielded to the transient and subtle delights such intercourse and society afforded, if only to lull conscience and to win forgetfulness; but I only felt irritated, and ashamed at my own weakness.

In my love for Athole there had been purity and poesy, a reverence of the soul, a vague delight that made even self-torment a pleasure. It had been something to walk for miles only to see the light in her window, or to catch a glimpse of her sweet face from afar, or to run the chance of meeting her in the High Street with her inseparable companion, Bella Cameron. These are the foolish trivialities in which youth delights.

How my head aches to-night! How weary and disheartened I feel. I have been sitting in moody reflection over these pages, writing, and reading, and thinking, and in my heart cursing my folly, and wondering what possessed me to accept Dora Dunleith's proposition to go to Canada and seek my fortune.

What does fortune matter to me? For whose sake should I do battle with the world; at whose hand seek the guerdon of victory, or the soft sympathy that compassionates failure? There is no doubt that some natures need the ballast of another to steady and control them. Disappointment has a deteriorating effect; they plunge into dissipation as a distraction. Billiards, late hours, smoke, and drink, and play have the advantage of bringing temporary excitement or forgetfulness. Women, more wise, and hampered by worldly prejudices, and shut in by that thick-set hedge of conventionality which the innate weakness of the feminine heart knows as a safeguard, even if an irksome one—they, as I say, more wisely take to religion, or Sunday-school teaching, and are martyrs in a quiet, unimpassioned way of their own.

Perhaps they are less actively unhappy than we are; but the grey hues of hidden sorrow settle none the less surely over their lives.

How the wind howls to-night! Surely a storm is brewing. I can write no more; I will go up on deck and see how the weather looks.

After all, it is rather a womanish piece of weakness to commit the incidents of one's life to paper. But time hangs heavy on my hands here, and I have not yet fraternised much with my fellow-passengers.

## CHAPTER II. WRECKED!

THE storm was raging frightfully when I stepped on deck. I could scarcely keep

my footing in the teeth of the furious gale.

As I clung to one of the shrouds, I saw a figure beside me occupied in the same endeavour to preserve his equilibrium.

It was that of a young man—one of my fellow-passengers whom I had noticed several times already. The singularity of his face and features, or rather the expression that stamped them, was sufficient to attract observation.

He was young enough in years, to all appearance; yet the face itself was one strangely impassive, the eyes cold and hard, the mouth drawn into firm lines, its expression bitter and cynical in a marked degree. The brow was lofty and intellectual—the brow of a student and a thinker—and at rare moments the eyes lost their hardness and indifference, and scintillated with excitement or interest. Now, as I glanced up at him, and saw them in the fitful moonlight that struggled through rifts of cloud, they were absolutely blazing with delight and excitement.

"It is magnificent, is it not?" he said to me, tossing back the dark waves of hair from his uncovered head, and looking like some spirit of the storm in his towering height, and with that strange, pale face, and those flashing eyes piercing the gloom, and disdainful of the warfare of the elements. "How puny and weak, after all, is the skill of man against the forces of Nature! Who shall bridle the wind, and arrest the thunder-clouds, or steer the lightning flash on its wild flight? Look yonder at that seething mass! How the white horses toss their manes and gallop over the wild sea to-night! Oh, is it not grand, glorious, superb? What a pity that at such a time one cannot resolve oneself into something less material than flesh and blood, and enjoy it as the spirit of the tempest itself might do!"

I looked at him in some surprise. The words were strange, but no less strange were his look and aspect.

"It certainly is a grand sight," I agreed; "but scarcely enjoyable under present circumstances."

"There I differ from you," he said, the clear resonant tones of his voice sounding distinct even amidst the noise and fury of the blast. "At all times, and under all aspects, Nature is to me enjoyable. She and I have been close friends all the years of my life."

"You have travelled greatly?" I suggested, with another glance at the strange

face, unyouthful even in its youth, yet with something grand and majestic now in its defiant, fearless pose and flashing glances.

"Not half as much as I could desire," he said; "that is where life hits one so hard. In youth, we are bond-slaves to the possible enjoyments of a future, setting all our energies to work in order to achieve a goal that promises all we deem best. Does age ever fulfil those promises? I doubt it. The years pass, and Time lays a heavy hand upon our spirits and desires, our very nature alters, and the fruition we once upheld as bliss to our fond imagining becomes but Dead Sea fruit in our mouths at last."

"You talk very bitterly," I said.

A temporary lull had taken place; the wind blew with less fury; the driving clouds parted here and there to show some gleam of star or moon in the blue depths of unveiled sky. We were still standing side by side, still clinging to the stout cordage as support. The ship sped on over the foaming waters with scarce a yard of canvas spread from her bending masts.

My companion looked down at me for the first time.

"So you think I speak bitterly?" he said. "If so, Life has been my teacher; I can but speak of it as I have found it, and seen it. Who lives it as he intended? Who finds it as he imagined it? Who looks out from any standpoint on the moral, social, or physical scale, and can truthfully assert that it is anything but vexation and vanity? The wisest man the world has ever known said that; and his judgement will pass unchallenged for all time. Here and there comes a little sunshine, a little pleasure, a little hope; but set against them the toil and weariness, the sorrow and heartaches, the misery, and deception, and disappointment which we meet and cause as we journey along that road from youth to age, and dare then to say that the little good is not outweighed a thousandfold by the many evils; that the sips of pleasure are not as a drop in the ocean to the seas of grief! But, see, the storm rises again! We shall have a rough night of it."

"You seem rather to enjoy the prospect," I said, glancing somewhat enviously at the tall figure, and the fearless, defiant pose of the uncovered head, as the wind played at will amidst the dark, thick locks.



"Yes," he said, quietly, "I am altogether without fear; and yet I and danger have claimed pretty close acquaintance with each other in my time. I have been twice shipwrecked; but it has not destroyed my love of the sea. Nothing could do that."

I felt that I could not agree with him; indeed, I was already cold, and chilled, and wet with spray and rain, and felt more disposed to seek my cabin than to watch the storm renew its attentions.

I therefore bade my new acquaintance good night, and went below; though, I must confess, sleep was utterly impossible.

Wide awake I lay in my narrow berth, listening to the howling wind and the dashing waves, and the tramp of the sailors' feet on the deck above. How little there seemed between life and death on that wild ocean, in that wild night! Only a few planks—the weak armament of man against the warfare of the furious elements. I thought of my strange companion, and wondered if he were still on deck breasting the storm with that undaunted mien. I almost envied him his supreme enjoyment. I had certainly experienced more fear than pleasure at the sight of the raging sea, and the noise of the creaking timbers.

In the midst of my wakeful meditations I was roused by a fearful crash. I sprang up, and half dressed as I was, hurried on deck. One of the masts had broken, and lay half on, half over the deck—a mass of straining cordage and flapping canvas. The sailors were hewing vigorously at it; foremost among them towered the tall figure of my new acquaintance. His face was still calm and unmoved; his coolness and nerve seemed to encourage the men, and they laboured with a will at their task until the ship was free of the strain, and once more rode merrily over the wild waste of waters.

Five minutes later, however, a fresh alarm arose. We had sprung a leak, and the order was given to man the pumps.

For hours and hours—long after the grey dawn had broken—that weary labour went on. One and all—passengers and crew alike—we gave our willing aid; and again I noticed, foremost to help and encourage, and with the strength and zest of two ordinary men, that strange being who had seemed to me like the spirit of the storm itself.

As time went on, the reports grew more

and more disheartening; the leak was gaining on us, and the sea was still terribly heavy. The men's faces began to look gloomy, and their energies showed signs of the prolonged strain. The wind had abated somewhat, but the ship pitched and rolled in most distressing fashion in the great trough of heaving waters.

We had been driven miles out of our course, and the captain could only give a guess as to our whereabouts. Till near midday they laboured on at a task which grew hourly more hopeless. That the ship must be abandoned seemed a growing conviction in the minds of the men; but I must confess that it was with no pleasant feeling that I heard the order given to lower the boats. It seemed to me impossible that any boat could live in such a sea, and the gloomy faces around seemed to echo my conviction.

However, the time soon came when we were left with no other alternative. The leak was gaining on us so rapidly that the pumps were abandoned. Provisions and water were handed into the boats; the passengers collected a few clothes and valuables, and waited resignedly for the order to leave the vessel.

The captain, I, and the strange passenger—whose name I had learnt by this time was Huel Penryth—were the last to quit the doomed vessel. We cast off and lay at a little distance, watching her as she rolled, in that helpless water—logged manner, from side to side, each movement seeming as if it must be her last.

It was a melancholy spectacle, and one destined to live long in my memory. Suddenly she lifted her stern out of the boiling trough, and we saw her bows plunge forward. For a brief space she seemed almost standing upright, and I could not resist a shudder of horror as I looked. A moment, and the great waves rolled upwards like living things ready to seize upon their promised prey. Then came the rending sound of breaking spars and crashing timber, and downwards she plunged into the fathomless depths, and the boiling foam rushed seething and hissing over the place that should know her no more.

I looked around after the one involuntary exclamation which had escaped us. A grey sky half-obscured by mist; a waste of heaving water, on which our boat tossed like a cork. That was all I saw—that and the pale, grave faces of my fellow sufferers.

"May Heaven have mercy on us!" I cried below my breath; but the hopelessness and the peril of our situation seemed to mock that faint petition as we drifted on through the grey mists and the tossing clouds of foam.

### DOYNES'S WONDERFUL DOGS.

#### A COMPLETE STORY.

"YES, it was a plucky thing, certainly; but I can't help thinking that the motive was not altogether an unmixed one. You see, Westminster Bridge is one of the best-known places in the world; and when a man jumps over its parapet to save a fellow-creature who is struggling in the tideway below, he is tolerably certain to be well repaid for his exertion. His bravery is lauded in the next morning's papers; he gets the Royal Humane Society's medal, and he is often handsomely rewarded besides. There are thousands of good swimmers in London who would avail themselves of a similar opportunity. You'd do it yourself."

"H'm, well, perhaps I should. But you are taking rather a cold-blooded view of the matter. There is some risk."

"Of course there is risk," replied Dr. Wane, rather contemptuously. "There is the chance of cramp, the chance of a bad cold. There was a possibility of the train which brought you down here leaving the track, and crashing over an embankment; but that doesn't make a hero of you for coming to see me."

"What are you driving at?"

"Simply this. That there is a great deal of rubbish talked about men making heroes of themselves, when they are merely encountering a certain degree of peril for their own self-advancement. Now, in my idea that kind of selfishness can never be linked to true heroism. For instance, I can see nothing heroic about a jump from the clouds beneath a parachute, when the only incentive is money."

"I am afraid you will nearly always find a sordid motive of that kind at the bottom if you only probe deep enough."

"Generally, I grant you. But there are instances to the contrary. A village doctor does not often see much beyond the general routine; but I give you my word for it, I did once come across a real heroine. Now what do you say to an hour's écarté, and then bed?"

And Dr. Wane lit his pipe, and appeared anxious to change the subject.

"Tell me about your heroine first. Did she pull some one out of the river here, and then run away without leaving her name?"

"Nothing so dramatic. I don't think the story would interest you. Pass the matches."

But my curiosity was aroused, and after a little pressing he consented to tell it me.

"Your train arrived," he said, "just after the curtain had dropped, and the heroine of the piece had gone off to take up an engagement on another stage. Did you happen to see a caravan, a dingy, yellow-painted house on wheels, as you walked here from the station? It was in a field on your right hand."

"I can't say that I did."

"Very likely not. It would scarcely catch your eye unless you had looked for it. Yet it lay there all the same, an aged-looking concern, with 'Doynes's Wonderful Dogs' painted on the outside. It is one of the regular sort that go round to the fairs and feasts in this neighbourhood, only perhaps a trifle inferior to most of them. It was here about the middle of the summer, when first I came to this place; and out of curiosity I went to see it amongst the others. There were just about half-a-dozen dogs—mangy mongrels all, with the exception of a grey-muzzled collie—and they were put through their paces by a girl who seemed to run the show entirely by herself. She was my heroine."

Wane put his pipe into his mouth here, and struck a match, as if to signify that was all, but an expectant "Yes" from his auditor hinted to him to proceed.

"Well," he said, "I noticed in May that she was looking fearfully knocked up—half-starved, in fact; which wasn't to be wondered at, as there were not more than half-a-dozen others beside myself in the tent, and we only paid a penny apiece for the performance. But a week ago, when the caravan passed through here en route for somewhere else, she broke down entirely, and that was when I first found out all about her. She is twenty-three now, it seems—twenty-three last week; and just ten years ago her step-mother turned her out of doors. Poor child, she had had a hard life of it. She lost her own mother when she was two, and her father married again. Then he died, and the wife 'took on' with a collier, who had a family of his own. Both of them ill-treated her

abominably; and finally, as I have said, turned her out of doors. She didn't know where to go to; she hadn't a friend in the world, poor little mite, or a relation either, that she knew of, for the matter of that; and so she wandered out of the place, and sat down and shivered on a bank. Never before had she been outside the town of her birth. It was night, and raining, and the passers-by, of whom there were few, never noticed her. Not that she minded much; she was too numbed with misery for that—cold, hungry, wretched, and dulled with despair.

"Presently a dog came and sniffed at her. Good sort of creatures, dogs, aren't they; especially stray ones? You always see them chumming up to people who are in trouble. Well, she patted the beast, and when its owner came by, he saw the two of them together.

"'Ullo,' said he—he was Doynes, by the way—'what're you a-doin' 'ere? G'long 'ome wi' yer.'

"'Ain't got no 'ome.'

"'Ow's that?'

"'Mother's turned me out, and she says she'll rive t' 'eart out o' me if I goes back agaan. An' she'll do it an' all.'

"Now I don't know whether Doynes was moved by the idea that this was a good opportunity to pick up a much-desired assistant cheap, or by the child's evident misery. I should imagine the former. But any way, he asked:

"'Will yer come along wi' me?'

"On being answered 'Yes,' he stowed Liz inside his conveyance, fed her, gave her a shake-down on the floor, and then drove on. And that was how Liz became enrolled among the exhibiting staff of the Performing Dogs.

"He was a happy-go-lucky sort of chap, this Doynes, never troubling himself particularly about anything, whether it was business or pleasure, religion or honesty. He drank when he felt inclined, sometimes in moderation, sometimes in excess; and ate when he was hungry. He was not intellectual-looking, by any means, but he was rather clever with dogs, and knew a good deal about their value and capabilities. As a matter of fact, Doynes was not his name at all, but it was the only one by which he was known. He bought it when he bought the show from the original Doynes, who, by strict attention to business, had raised himself to the dizzy eminence of the third-rate music hall stage—and a professorship—and his own name

sank gracefully amongst the mists of the past. Liz, too, assimilated the surname of Doynes. At first she was simply known as 'Doynes's Liz,' but of later years she became Liz Doynes; and her real patronymic also is not even a matter of history now.

"Accustomed, as she had been, to ceaseless labour and thankless toil, the child found her new life on the caravan one of comparative ease and enjoyment. She had merely to look after the horse and the dogs, to do the cooking and the washing, to keep the caravan something like tidy, and to take off Doynes's boots when he was too drunk to perform that office for himself; and when these duties had been attended to she was quite at liberty to amuse herself in any way she saw fit. Doynes never meddled with her, except to bestow an occasional cuff if the dogs didn't perform well, or a similar forcible reminder if the trips supper wasn't cooked to his taste. But, on the other hand, he never gave her a sixpence to spend. Twice a year he presented her with a cheap new frock and bonnet, and at erratic intervals he would produce undergarments, culled, like blackberries, from some convenient hedge. And she usually had shoes or boots—of a kind.

"So that, on the whole, Liz—whose standard was not a high one—found her new life nearly all that she could wish for or expect. She usually had plenty to eat, and that was to her the principal blessing of life. She had a cosy bunk, and an old horse-cloth by way of coverlet; and although Doynes's night quarters were merely separated off by a very sketchy curtain, this would have satisfied her most fantastic scruples of decency if they had ever arisen—which they never did. Of variety, she had a never-ending supply. Show folks are very gregarious, and so she possessed heaps of acquaintances; and there were always the dogs—and Doynes.

"In summer things were pretty prosperous, for the dogs 'took' well, and their keep was not costly; besides this, Doynes was such a skilful forager, that he usually managed to get poultry and vegetables for absolutely nothing. But as the 'publics' captured most of his hard cash in the prosperous season—for Doynes was a convivial soul, and adored beer—they were generally hard put to it in winter to make both ends meet. They lived in the caravan then just the same, only they kept it stationary, and hired the horse out to any one who would take him; and when they

got very hard up—not before, though, for he objected to toil—Doynes would contrive to get hold of an odd job. And so things were kept going; somewhat erratically, it is true; but a stoppage was always prevented.

“When Liz had been at this game a couple of years, Doynes, acting on a happy inspiration which grew from the hint of one of his cronies, invested in a second-hand pair of tights and a spangled tunic, from a peripatetic circus-proprietor, and, henceforward, Liz put the dogs through their paces herself. The girl was good-looking in a way. She’d got a wild, fierce sort of beauty, which seems to grow with this kind of life—strong, black hair, you know, and fine dark violet eyes, and good figure—and she drew larger houses than Doynes had done. And that is not to be wondered at, seeing that he is a heavy-looking brute, rather of the jail-bird type. She liked the job; Doynes fully appreciated a change which gave him more money and less to do; the dogs preferred Liz’s ‘suaviter in modo’ to Doynes’s ‘fortiter in re’; and so the arrangement suited all parties. But still Liz’s pecuniary circumstances remained unaltered. There was no particular secret made of this. Doynes openly boasted that he was a gentleman now, for he got all his work done for nothing; and no one ever suggested that Liz had any money. And although she may at times have felt the need of it, she never struck out for a regular salary.

“She might easily have done so, had she wished, for outside offers were not wanting. One of the young women from ‘Cole’s Imperial Shooting Gallery’ had eloped with a rich American, and Liz was asked to take the vacant tube—her board, keep, and eight shillings per week. The proprietor and acting-manager of ‘Fitzgerald’s Theatre of Varieties’ said he’d give her a two per cent. share of the profits if she’d play boys’ parts for him; and the owner of a ‘Saccharine Refreshment Caravan’ offered her a co-partnership and a loving heart if she’d join him. But no, unaccountable as it may seem, Liz laughed and said she’d stick to Doynes’s; and to Doynes’s she stuck.

“‘Liz is a rum un,’ Doynes’s friends would say to him; but Doynes would only chuckle and wink, and remark that he’d have ‘another pot o’ the same.’ And so things went on, Liz doing, by very visible gradations, more and more, and Doynes

less and less, till at last he was never near the show at all, except when it was on the move, and then he lay indolently in his bunk.

“Liz’s friends among the show-folks used to comment on these habits of Doynes’s pretty freely and pointedly; but Liz would always laugh in a cheerful sort of way, and say, ‘Oh, never mind t’lad; ‘e’s allus fearful dry, an’ likes ter sleck hissen.’ (‘Sleck’ in her dialect meant moisten.) But, all the same, she gave him good, sharp lectures on the quiet, and he would swear, by all his dogs, by his caravan, by his eyes, by everything he held sacred, in fact, that he’d not touch a drop of liquor for a month. And then when the tent was pitched once more, he would slip off with a jolly laugh, and not put in an appearance again till ‘turning-out time.’ And Liz, quite unconcernedly, would shift the platform across to the entrance-end of the tent, so that she could guard the door after the money was taken, and put the dogs through their paces at the same time.

“But at last a climax came.

“They were at a village ‘tide’ in the dales here, and she had squared up for the night, and was patiently waiting for Doynes’s return. The day had been a hot one, and as he had plenty of money in his pocket she philosophically expected him to make a wet night of it. But half-past eleven and twelve struck by the church clock, and no Doynes came. She began to get anxious. He usually contrived to bring himself or be brought to the caravan before this. Half-past twelve! He must be back directly now. One! He has gone to sleep somewhere. One-thirty! She put a shawl over her head, and opened the door with the intention of going to look for him. By the pale moonlight, which illuminated the paper-strewn ground and the scattered encampment, she saw half-a-dozen men carrying something on a sheep hurdle. Close to her was an avant-courier, in whom she recognised Signor Roberto Valtolski, of the ‘Royal Marionette Theatre,’ commonly known as Dolly Bobs.

“‘Is he very bad, Dolly?’ she asked, anxiously, for experience had taught her that an ordinary ‘drunk’ took only a couple of bearers, or three at the outside.

“‘Ay, lass, an’ ‘e’s ‘appened a haxident an’ all. ‘E wer’ liggin’ ‘im dahn i’ t’ road—blind—an’ Jabez ‘Olroyd’s cart run ower ‘im. They fatched t’ docter, but ‘e sez



'e cannot do ote for 'im. I'm right grieved fer thee, lass. 'Appen tha'd best go sleep along wi' my missis, an' to leave me to stay along o' 'im ?'

"Here the bearers brought the impromptu ambulance to the door, and the sympathetic moonlight showed Doynes's ghastly paleness.

"No, 'e ain't dead, Liz,' answered Dolly Bobs in response to her enquiry, 'an' mebbe 'e won't type out fer yeres ef 'e's properly tended on, docter says. Nah thee get thee gone to my ole woman, an' we'll tak' 'im in !'

"But Liz refused. 'Lift him up,' she said, 'an' then go, please. 'E's used ter me, is Doynes. I'll sit up an' watch.' And she insisted, and they obeyed.

"In the morning a new trial awaited her. A great country boor knocked at the door, and she answered it. He, too, had been enjoying himself over-night, and he wasn't sober even then.

"A've comed fer thee,' he remarked with a malty leer.

"Liz naturally did not understand, and so the brute explained that Doynes had sold her to him the night before for twelve shillings and a bottle of whisky.

"But I'm not his to sell,' replied Liz, as quietly as she could. 'Besides, he was drucken, and got a'most killed last night.'

"Ar care note abaat that,' exclaimed this interesting person, with a good deal of bad language levelled at the head of the injured Doynes; 'ar wants thee; an' as ar've paid fer tha', ar'm bahn ter 'ave tha'.' And he tried to clutch her wrist.

"Listen,' said Liz. And those black eyes of hers shone so fiercely that the fellow took a step or two backwards involuntarily. 'You see all these people about?'—waving her hand towards the show-folk who were packing up—'they're all my friends. If I calls 'em and tells 'em what you're wanting they'll kick 't life out on yer. And that's a true. But I don't want 'em to know as 'e'—with a backward nod of her dishevelled head, to indicate the invisible Doynes—'ad anythink to do wi' this yer; an' so I'll stan' to a quid if you'll clear out quiet.'

"Hand out,' said the would-be husband, laconically, and as Liz had luckily got the receipts of the last night's performances still by her, she did so, and got rid of the difficulty. Then she fed the dogs, who were calling noisily for their breakfasts, and putting on her hat hastened off to the doctor's.

"I want you to tell me square-out what's the matter with Doynes,' she said.

"Thinking it would be a kindness not to mince matters at all, the doctor told her that he was completely paralysed in the lower limbs, and would always remain so; that with careful nursing he might live for years, but that nothing could ever make him walk again.

"Had he any relations ?'

"No.'

"Or friends who would take him ?'

"No; he's nobody but me.'

"Oh, you are his—er—er—daughter !'

"No.'

"Ah ! beg pardon—wife !'

"No.'

"Humph ! Sister then, and——'

"No, not even sister,' said Liz, with slight confusion. 'There's nothin' atwixt us at all. We're just—frens.'

"Then, my good girl, you had better send him to the workhouse.'

"No, I'm blessed if I do,' said Liz, and she bounced out of the room and slammed the door behind her.

"Well, there was a nice kick-up amongst the show-folks when it was announced that Liz was going to keep the helpless Doynes with her, and not pack him off as prudence dictated to the tender care of the Paupers' Mansion. Mrs. Dolly Bobs, who slept and lived in the same small compartment with two grown-up sons and a daughter, besides her husband, said 'it wasn't decent'; the landlord of the inn, who had fingered much of Doynes's money, and so spoke as an old friend, perhaps, really thought 'the 'Ouse was good enough for the likes o' it'—meaning Doynes—and said so to every one who was curious on the point; and the parson, too, a pasty-faced young fool, who hadn't been ordained three years, came and exhorted her to the same effect; but Liz was losing patience, and was distinctly rude to him.

"She stayed at the place where the accident had happened for a little over a fortnight, and tended Doynes with the most delicate care, although, when speech returned, his groans of self-pity would have driven any one else distracted; and as by that time she had sold everything that would sell, except the dogs—the exchequer was empty to start with—she harnessed the old horse in the shafts, and started off to the nearest fair, which was luckily not many miles away. Thanks to Doynes's previous laziness, she was quite capable of doing everything by herself,

and she declared to me that this new era of her life was not an atom harder than the one which went before. In fact, she said it was easier, because the knowledge that Doynes wanted little comforts, which cost extra money, made the getting of it seem lighter.

"'O' course,' she told me, with a mischievous flash of those black eyes of hers, 'o' course, vittles is dearer now, 'cause I ain't s' 'andy at pickin' up things as 'e was; but then, when we get's 'em my way we ken eat 'em when we likes, an' don't 'ave to bolt 'em in a hurry. Lord! I mind 'im an' me an' the dogs wolfen' a goose in ten minutes once; an' none too soon neither, fer they come to look fer it wiles we was a-pickin' our teeths!'

"Winters were the hardest times; the first one especially. It was difficult to lay by any money for the hard season, and more difficult still to earn any in it. Liz would sometimes get an odd sixpence or perhaps a shilling by doing a bit of washing or baking, but these windfalls were precarious. Dwellers in cities don't like Ishmaelites, and all respectable people fight shy of a young woman that lives with a man who is no relation to her.

"But, as Liz said, in her bright, cheery way, 'We allus worried through some'ow; an' if Doynes didn't get 'is poort, 'e never went w'out a sup o' beer.'

"She starved herself to let Doynes have luxuries.

"And so things went on till last winter, which, as you know, was an exceptionally hard one; and then troubles came down upon them thick and fast. The horse—a sorry beast—died, and with him passed away a steady source of income; the clever collie—not the one which found her originally, but his successor—was poisoned; and he was the best dog of the troupe; the caravan—which was very old and rotten—began to leak badly all over, and they could not afford to get it satisfactorily repaired, though Liz did all she could with painted canvas and tin-tacks; Doynes got very feeble and sickly, and required constant nourishment and attention; there was a 'strike' in the neighbourhood, and, consequently, no work to be obtained; and, finally, Liz herself contracted a cough which racked her continually, and made her, as she expressed it, 'as fond, an' feeble, an' doddery as a new-born pup.'

"It was a terrible struggle that winter;

and when spring came, Liz carried the marks of it clearly. Her black eyes were more brilliant than ever, and her once healthy brown cheeks were now sunken, and reddened with a dangerous hectic flush. She hired a horse for the road—a piebald beast belonging to 'Van Davey's American Cirque,' which necessitated her always following in the wake of that equestrian exhibition, and made a large hole in her own takings.

"'But,' she said, with a feeble attempt at the old cheerfulness, 'luck was down. The tent was dirty and patched, and my props was very much the same, an' though I might bawl mysel' 'oarse outside, an' say as Doynes's wonderful dogs was wonderfuller nor ever, most people 'ud take me at my word, an' only a few 'ud come to see if it was so. An' when they did come inside, they'd only lair, or may be get riled at the sell, for the dogs was really orful bad. They was willin' enough, most of 'em, but they seemed to 'a loat their brains. Doynes e'd 'a fixed 'em up right enough; 'e wor clever w' dogs, 'e wor, an' could teach 'em ote. 'E could 'a whacked talkin' into 'em, if he wanted, I believe; but I'—regrettfully—'cannot ketch 'is stroke some'ow.'

"'Ye'd be surprised to see 'ow thought-ful them dogs is sometimes, now. They seems to know when grub's scarce, just as we does, an' they'll not 'owl 'arf so 'ard for their dinner when they see me and Doynes is a bit down i' the mug. In course they does bark a bit when their stomachs is empty, but allus in an apoloisin' sort o' way, like as if they was ashamed o' theirsels for doin' it. An' then when I pats 'em, an' tells 'em I'm very sorry, but there ain't anythink for 'em to eat, they'll wag their tails as much as to say, 'We catches your meanin' an' winks,' an' then they'll go out an' prig as nateral as any Christian.

"'But latterly I've been so bothered w' this yer cough, that I kinder frighten people away, an' so Doynes's vittles 'as been worse ner ever. But 'e's been very good about it. 'E 'asn't grumbled much sin' 'e saw as I couldn't 'elp it. The other show-folks says as 'e's a selfish brute, but they're liars, liars every one on 'em. Didn't 'e pick me up when I was a snivelling little brat by t' road-side, an' 'asn't 'e kep' me w' him ever sin'?' "

"Poor lass, she struggled bravely against her illness, often keeping on her legs through sheer force of will when weakness made everything seem to swim before her.

But when she arrived here with a lot of others for the village tide—as they call the feast—just a week ago, the tent in which Doynes's Performing Dogs were wont to perform was not set up. Dolly Bobs came sneaking in here late at night in mortal fear of his wife—for Liz was a pariah amongst her people—and told me why, and gave me Liz's history as far as he knew it. He came really to relieve his conscience, I believe, by asking me to go and see her, evidently doubting whether I would do so when no pay was forthcoming—sordid old brute.

"Of course, I did go; and I found things even worse than he had told me. The caravan was a fearfully dilapidated old rattle-trap, weatherbeaten and rotten to the last degree; and but for a couple of mangy mongrel curs which were crouching on the steps, there wasn't a sign of life about it. The battered tin chimney gave out no smoke; both doors were closely shut; the windows were half covered with painted imitations of curtains. I knocked and went in. Everything was frightfully ruinous and poverty-stricken, and there was plenty of evidence to show that nothing had been done in the tidying line lately. There was a bunk against each wall at the opposite end. In one of them the bearded face of a man of about five or eight-and-thirty showed itself; in the other lay a woman, young, still good-looking, but terribly emaciated, and evidently in the last stage of consumption.

"Are you the doctor?" she asked. And I told her that I was, and that Valtolaki had sent me in to see her.

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly, "an' it's very kind o' yer to come to t' likes o' me. But see Doynes; 'e's been orful bad to-day. It ain't ketchin' 'im in 'is back where it used, but 'igher up like. An' there's a somethin' i' 'is throat as makes 'im 'e don't want to eat, sir. There's a beautiful piece o' biled 'am aside 'im."

"And as poor Liz indicated the viand in question, I could see that she considered this refusal to eat when food was actually within his reach, as the most dangerous symptom of all. In his case also the diagnosis was a simple one. He might live a week, or a couple of days, or a few hours; or he might die in a matter of minutes.

"I'll send him some beef-tea," I told her.

"But med'cin'—give 'im some med'cin' as well, an' I'll pay yer wi' the first brass we gets; I will, s'welp me bob."

"It is extraordinary what faith these people put in drugs. However, not that all the physic in the world would have done him any good, but merely to pacify her, I said: 'Oh, yes, of course; it will come with the beef-tea.' And then I tried to hint to her how dangerously ill she was herself. But she burst out into a torrent of abuse—probably because I had confirmed her own ideas—and finished up by saying, vehemently:

"'I mustn't, I cannot die, I willn't die! There's Doynes there as helpless as 'e can be, wus'n usual, in fact, an' if I types out, who's to look arter 'un? No,' she continued, excitedly, raising herself on one elbow, 'it's no use yer 'intin' at them outside—the other show-folks. They'd send 'im to the 'Ouse, they would, like as they wanted to do afore. But 'e's mine, mine—all mine, an' 'e shalln't be took away! Doctor,' she went on, first sinking back out of sheer exhaustion, and then raising herself up again, and clatching at my hand with the feverish energy of despair, 'doctor, yer will gi'e me suthing to mak' me strong agen, willn't yer? Suthing as 'll let me work the show agen, and get Doynes bits o' stuff as 'e likes. Oh, if ye nobbut knew 'ow it wor'! 'Im an' the dogs 'as been the only things I'se ever 'ad to—to—like; an' though folks sez dogs is best, I don't care—it's 'im, it's Doynes, as I wants t'hang on fer.'

"Well, there she fainted slick away; and from then till now I've been messing around that old caravan the most of my time. I dare say"—brusquely—"you think me a bit of a fool for doing it; but I couldn't help myself. Besides, there was no one else. The parson—who is a very good fellow in his way, but lacking of tact—tried his hand; but Liz sent him about his business very quickly when he started lecturing her about her 'want of resignation,' as he was pleased to term it; and she can be pretty free with her tongue when she likes. Most of those sort of people can be; it's part of their business, you know. And the natives, for some reason or other, refused to go near.

"I was there this morning, as usual, and hardly expected the girl to live another hour. Indeed, she might have died any minute, and it was her will alone that kept her alive.

"How's 'e?' she would mutely ask every few minutes or so; and when I told her, she would seem satisfied.

"And so it went on till about an hour

before you arrived here. Then Doynes suddenly stopped breathing. She noticed it immediately—noticed it, in fact, before I did, and bade me look at him.

"He was dead, and I told her so.

"She smiled feebly and beckoned me down nearer to her, and, by laying my ear close against her lips, I could just make out the words above the pattering of the rain on the roof :

"'Told yer so—didn't die whiles 'e might want me. Say !—sell the caravan—give Doynes—swell funeral—and—'

"But that was all. She had hastened after Doynes."

## ON THE WAR-PATH.

### HEAD-QUARTERS.

A GOOD many years ago there was a certain Methodist preacher with an apparent genius for touching and moving his congregation. A split with his connection removed him from that sphere of action, and apparently without knowing it himself, he, by his open-air preachings and strangely hearty services, laid the foundation of the Salvation Army. The movement began definitely with the formation of an East London Christian Revival Society, which was soon developed into an East London Christian Mission; and the Methodist preacher became gradually reconciled to the idea of a permanent organisation or settled plan. In 1866 the Mission entered into the first real head-quarters, in the Whitechapel Road, and since then the Mission has grown into the Army, the Army has extended almost all over the world, and—whether for good or evil is not to be discussed here—has become a very considerable fact. How large, indeed, can be gathered if we take some figures from the "Field State," which is published monthly. At the end of November last year, there were altogether in the British Isles thirteen hundred and sixty-four corps, and the staff of workers included the following: five hundred and eighty-one International Staff and employés; one hundred and eighteen officers connected with the Divisional offices; twenty-one Depot Staff and scribes; seventy-two Depot Officers; one hundred and forty-five Rescue Staff and assistants; one hundred and eighty-four workers in the slums; forty Divisional scribes and specials; two thousand five hundred and six Field Officers: that is, the workers in the various

ordinary corps; four hundred and seventy-two Field Officers' wives; thirty-eight Household Troops' Bandsmen; and four hundred and sixty-three cadets in Depôts. This gives a grand total of four thousand six hundred and fifty-one. If we take in all foreign corps in addition, we swell the total of corps to two thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, and of workers to nine thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Of course, the organisation and mere office work of this great body involve a prodigious amount of work, and it may be interesting to our readers if we give them an account of this organisation, which will be found to be very complete and exact—all affairs of every corps, to the smallest detail, being so summarised and brought to Head-quarters, that, at a moment's notice, they can be turned up and referred to. In the following description, members of the Salvation Army must be understood to be officers—that is, those who have elected to give all their work and time to extending and promoting the Army—the ordinary soldiers being members only in the sense that they attend services, and so on, just as we of different denominations may attend our different places of worship.

For the proper understanding of the working of the Head-quarters, the first place to be visited is what is termed the Home Office—Head-quarters of the Salvation Army. These offices are in Queen Victoria Street, above Blackfriars Station and facing the Embankment, consisting of three floors. Most certainly there is not too much room for the work, almost every available inch of space being utilised. The best mode of inspection will be, not to take each floor by itself, but the different offices, as they in turn affect the Salvationist, beginning from the time when he is first accepted for the work.

The first department is the Candidates' Department, to which come all applications, from all parts of the British Isles, from those who wish to join the Army. When a member of a local corps thinks that he—throughout the Army no distinction is made between the sexes, so perhaps it will be best for us to always treat the individual as a man—would like to give up all his work and labour only for the extension of the Army, he applies to Head-quarters for a set of candidates' papers. The first paper he has to fill up himself, and contains seventy-seven different questions, some of



which seem ridiculous to any outsider, others of which seem to be dictated by good, sound common sense. Of course, one not joining in the work would think such questions as: "Have you ever been a backslider? If so, for how long?" somewhat absurd, but there can be only praise for the questions which ask as to whether the candidate has any persons dependent on him, whether his parents are agreeable to his joining, and such like practical matters. Then the Captain of the corps to which the candidate belongs has to fill up a paper containing sixty questions, mostly as to whether or no the man is likely to become a good officer, as to his zeal, his character, and so on. The Treasurer or Secretary of his corps also has to send in a backing form, as does also the District or Divisional Officer.

England is divided into Divisions as follows: London, Birmingham, Leicester, Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, Canterbury, Carlisle, Channel Islands, and Cheshire, while the London and Bristol Divisions are divided into three Districts. The next paper which a candidate has to send in is a medical certificate; and as to this the authorities are very particular—any candidate being refused if the medical certificate is against him, no matter how much in his favour the other papers may be. Among the questions asked on the certificate form are ones as to the condition of the candidate's heart and lungs—both most necessary, the latter most particularly so, if we may judge from the sounds we sometimes hear from meetings at street-corners. The last paper—and this is never sent out unless all the others are satisfactory—is a form which is sent to the candidate's employer for his character. If all papers are correct, and the candidate is received, the papers do not go before the chief officer at Head-quarters; but all cases in which refusal is likely go before the Commandant, who rules supreme at Head-quarters. It will be seen from all these forms and papers that the authorities of the Salvation Army by no means accept everybody, but are somewhat particular as to whom they receive as officers. All these papers are preserved at Head-quarters—each candidate's papers being put into a paper-case by themselves, and all the names being entered up in books kept for the purpose. There are at present stored round the offices where this work is done some fourteen thousand of these cases. In these offices, sometimes, candi-

dates about whom the authorities are doubtful are employed on probation.

Our candidate has now been accepted by the authorities, and is duly passed into one of the Training Garrisons, which at present number twenty-eight, and comes under the supervision of the Training Garrison Department at Head-quarters. In the garrison he lives, and, as the title implies, is trained for the work which he has undertaken. He goes through a course of lessons—in Scripture, rules of field work, and the doctrine and discipline of the Salvation Army. These lessons occupy four mornings a week; two afternoons a week he is out visiting—presumably something like district-visiting—two or three afternoons a week he is out selling the "War Cry" and the other Salvation Army publications; and one afternoon a week he has to himself. In addition to this, the inmates of the Training Garrisons do all the house-work, and attend meetings every night; while about once a fortnight there is a general meeting of cadets for the purpose of hearing a lecture from the Commandant or Commissioner. This course of training takes from five to seven months; sometimes longer. At the end of this time the candidates are collected from the various garrisons for a final session at the Clapton Congress Hall, where they go through a finishing course, which lasts about ten days. This course consists of lectures, reading drills—not, as might appear, elocution drills, but so much time a day spent in reading—and an examination. Having passed this, and being found suitable—and very few are found unsuitable, owing to the care of selection in the Candidates' Department—they receive their commissions either as Lieutenants or Captains, and pass on to the Appointment Department.

This department has the decision as to every officer's station, when he has received his commission and is sent to the field. From this department money is issued to enable officers to proceed to the corps to which they may have been appointed. All moving-about of officers is done as cheaply as is possible, consistently with reasonable comfort. Thus, in the summer, the various coasting-steamers are much employed; but in winter such journeys are considered too trying. Each appointment lasts six months, after which time the officer is moved by the Appointment Department to another corps—the department being kept in-

formed by the various Divisional Officers of their needs in the matter of officers. In the case of married officers, efforts are made to appoint them to several different corps close to each other, to save the extra expense of moving; but unmarried men may be suddenly ordered off to the opposite end of England by this powerful department. The authorities here have all questions of promotion from Lieutenant to Captain brought before them; and also have to decide on all questions of monetary relief to officers who, for any reason, are receiving inadequate pay—not that the pay ever seems to be more than just enough to keep body and soul together. Finally, this department has to consider and decide upon all questions as to dropping an officer. In the Divisional or District Officer's report as to the condition of his various corps in the matter of officers, there is a column in which he can mention any officer whom he considers unsatisfactory in his work, and who, he thinks, should be dropped. This important motion comes before the Appointment Department, which must have quite as much work to get through as it can find time for.

The next department we come to—having carried our candidate through, and having seen him sent to the field, we will take the departments as they come—is the Statistical Department, and here the system of forms and papers and entering and re-entering, is worthy of the largest Government office, with the result that Headquarters are kept in most perfect touch with the various Divisions, Districts, and corps.

From every corps throughout the country a report is sent in every week to the Divisional Office, signed by Captain, Lieutenant, and Treasurer or Secretary. This report contains all information concerning the corps—attendances at all meetings, number of members, number of "War Crys" sold, and every detail connected with that corps. In addition to this report, a Sergeant-Major's report, signed by Captain and Secretary, is also sent in. A Treasurer's report—a copy of the cash-book of the corps—signed by Treasurer, Secretary, and Captain, is also sent in weekly, and lastly the Secretary's report is sent in monthly. All the information from these forms is collected by the Divisional Secretary, and by him entered into his book. Every month this book is totalled up, and the average results of

each corps are then copied out, signed by the Divisional Officer, and sent up to the Statistical Department. Here they are again copied into the Head-quarters books, under the headings of separate corps, so that reference can be made at a moment's notice to any corps, and its results and condition promptly ascertained. In the same way the results of Districts and Divisions are totalled and arranged, so that the general results of these can also be easily seen.

Closely connected with the Statistical Department, and working by means of information received from it, is the Watching Department. When a corps is reported to be going down and losing strength, the eye of the Watching Department is cast over it to see the reason of the decline, to find out whether it is the fault of the officers in charge, or in the public mind, which, in that particular place, is not to be allured by the sound of trumpets and drums. The officer of a corps in such a case is changed for one well known to the authorities as an energetic worker. If the corps still goes down, another change is tried, and if still no good ensues, the corps is reluctantly abandoned. Sometimes it proves to be the fault of the officer, in which case it is suggested to him that he might find a more useful field for his energies.

The next department we come across is the Marriage Department. No officer of the Salvation Army is allowed to engage himself to be married without the consent of this department. Application is made to this department, forms are sent by it to the Divisional Officers of both parties, which contain questions as to the applicant's work, leave being only given to successful officers. Each couple must be engaged for at least twelve months, and no man may marry under twenty-three years of age. Breaking off an engagement, unless for a very good reason, invariably leads to dismissal. Indeed, the authorities seem to be most careful about marriages, and do their best to prevent subsequent disappointment. For instance, no officer can marry except within the Army, so that if a man falls in love and wishes to marry a girl outside the Army—a girl, it may be, who lives in a comfortable home—and applies for leave to become engaged to her, leave is granted on the condition that she first joins the Army, and serves with one corps, in order that before the actual engagement is ratified she may have some experience of the life which in future she will have to live. And

the life of a Salvation Army officer does not seem to be quite a bed of roses.

The next office we visit is that of the Intelligence Department. This department has the duty of investigating all charges brought against officers, and finding out whether they are weighty enough to be taken notice of. The majority of the charges come from outside sources, and in most cases are utterly unfounded. In the event of a charge being considered weighty, the offender has the choice of placing his case in the hands of the Commandant, or of being tried by a court-martial, consisting of two officers of his own rank and one of superior rank as president. If the charge is proved, the offender is dismissed, nobody being kept as an officer who does not come thoroughly up to the Salvationist standard. If the officer be dismissed, his fare is paid from his station to where he wishes to go, and, if possible, he is helped by a small grant of money, or by some other means, to obtain work. Another matter to which this department gives its attention is the question of the reacceptance of officers who have resigned on account of ill-health, and who, having recovered, wish to rejoin the Army. This department has the duty of considering and deciding upon all such applications.

Now we come to an important department—the Audit Department. From this department officers are constantly travelling about examining the books of different corps. The books of every corps are audited once a year, while the divisional account-books are audited every six months, a balance-sheet from each division being sent to Head-quarters once a month.

Then we have the Demonstration Department, from which all special processions, country tours, and special journeys are arranged; next, there are the Cashier's Office, with Enquiry Office, London Division and Garrison Cashier, and Home Office Cashier; and, finally, we have the Post Office, through which every letter coming to or going from the building passes—every letter coming in, unless addressed to the Commandant or Chief Secretary, being opened here.

This completes the description of this building, and from it we pass on to 101, Queen Victoria Street, which contains the Foreign Office, which has somewhat the same relations with foreign corps as the Home Office has with corps in the British Isles—of course, the smaller details have to be settled in the chief centre of the

particular country—and also various other important departments, which we will take as they come in the building. And a most complicated building it is, containing, as it does, the whole of No. 101, the upper floors of No. 99, and extending back and taking in the house in the rear, which reaches down to Thames Street.

The first series of departments consists of those relating to Foreign countries and Colonies, for the most part similar to those at the Home Office; but in addition there are the Foreign Despatch and the Shipping Offices, in connection with Foreign affairs. Passing on, the next department is the Property Department. Here we have the Rents Offices, from which all matters connected with the rents of the buildings occupied by the various local corps are arranged; and the Property Purchase Department for investigating and reporting to the board upon proposed sites and buildings. The Property Finance Department comes next, having all questions as to raising and paying money for sites and buildings. Connected with this department is a Savings Bank, in which any sum, from a shilling upwards, can be invested. This has only just been started, and promises to be a great success.

The last of the Property Departments is the Property Conveyancing Department. Connected with this is the Solicitor's Offices, rooms where all leases and agreements are made out, typewriting done, and all the various forms necessary for the transfer of property prepared. Then we come to the Common Law Department, the Architect's Department, and the Repairs Department, all of which by their names sufficiently show what they are without description. The next we see is the Press Office, in which all press notices and newspaper cuttings are preserved and pasted in big scrap-books, for future reference if necessary.

But here we have a most important department—the Financial Secretary's Department. The first duty of this department is the collection, for Head-quarters Funds, of contributions from the various country corps. These are collected by eight collectors, who are constantly travelling about, visiting six corps in a week, and taking all the money collected at the various services they hold, and transmitting it, less their expenses, to Head-quarters. By this arrangement, each corps contributes one day's collections a quarter to Head-quarters, and the total sum amounts to

eight thousand pounds a year. The various journeys of the different collectors are all arranged at the beginning of the quarter; notices are sent out to the various corps, notifying them of the approaching visit, and asking that no special appeal should be made for any local object in the fortnight preceding; and a second notice is sent just before the visit, as a reminder. The collector himself has to fill in a weekly return, which is forwarded to Head-Quarters, showing what corps he has visited, what services he has held, how many people have attended each, how much the collections have amounted to, and what his expenses have been.

The next source of income is the Auxiliary League. It may surprise the public in general that there should be a steady income from people who do not belong to the Salvation Army; but this is so, and these subscribers are known as the Auxiliary League. Members of this League are of two descriptions—the first paying an annual subscription of one guinea; the second taking collecting cards, and agreeing to collect not less than half-a-guinea a quarter. All receipts for other donations are sent out from this office; and the care of special appeals is also entrusted to it. The name and address of every person who has ever contributed anything at all are here preserved, and it is to be supposed that, like most other institutions, the Salvation Army, if successful with anybody once, does not forget to come again. There is one more fund which this office controls, and that is the Sick and Wounded Fund, for assisting and making grants to officers who may be temporarily incapacitated from duty. This fund is raised by a levy of a halfpenny a quarter from every member; but, of course, it has to be helped and increased from general funds.

The only other department of importance here is the Accountant's Department, about which we have heard a good deal lately, but which seems to be supervised and carried on in a most business-like way. Here, of course, all the book-keeping is done, and from here that most important item—the balance-sheet—is issued. The department is under the control of a firm of accountants.

After this office there are the Cashier's Offices and the Post Office, which are carried on in the same way as at the Home Office.

There is one other set of offices which

come under the heading of Head-quarters—the International Trade Head-quarters, in Clerkenwell Road, where all the printing and publishing connected with the Army and various other businesses are carried on. The printing and publishing offices are naturally like any others, but it may be interesting to know that, of the Salvation Army publications, the "War Cry" has a circulation of three hundred thousand, and "The Young Soldier" of one hundred and fifty thousand a week, while "All the World" has reached forty-six thousand, and "The Deliverer" forty-five thousand a month.

Beginning at the top of the building, the fifth floor is devoted to the Composing Room and Foundry. On the fourth floor, the first room we come across is the Tailoring Room. Here such uniforms as are "bespoke" are made, the vast majority being made by a country firm. Next we come to a room devoted to the manufacture and repair of musical instruments. They don't make all those used by the Army here, so we will give them the benefit of the doubt, and say that all those we hear about the streets which are cracked are manufactured elsewhere. The Tea-packing Room comes next. The Army once went in for general trade, but it did not pay, so was given up; but somehow tea remained, and they get through about three thousand pounds a week. The rest of this floor is given up to a dining-room for the hands, one part being a vegetarian restaurant, the other for the use of those hands who bring their own food.

Descending to the third floor we come across all the Editorial Rooms. Women's rights seem to be admitted by the Salvation Army, for almost all connected with the editorial work are of the weaker sex. The Dress-making comes next, where all dresses for the women are made, except for those who like to buy the material and make it up themselves. The rest of this floor is given up to a general store-room.

The second floor is given up to general offices. Here are the Commissioner's and the Secretary's Offices; the Stationery Office, whence all stationery is issued; the Order Department, through which all orders pass from the cashier, and where they are entered in books, which books are passed on to the various departments they may concern; and finally the Cashier's and Accountant's Offices.

The first floor contains the Book Warehouse, and one of the principal articles



sold here is music—one side of the room being stored with sheets of music. Next we have the Tailoring Department, where the Salvationist who disdains ready-made clothing can be measured, and have his clothes made to fit his manly form to his liking; and here we have the Sales Room—the Salvation Army Shop—where you may buy a pound of tea or a poke bonnet. They sold seventeen thousand bonnets last year. The last department on this floor is the Colour Designers' Office, and uncommonly good designs they can turn out here.

The ground floor contains the Publishing Offices, Packing Rooms, Outfit-packing Rooms, Unprinted Paper Rooms, and Post Office, through which about one thousand letters pass each way every day. In the basement, of course, they have the printing machines. In all there are about two hundred and sixty people employed, of whom about three-quarters are Salvationists.

Having reached the basement of the International Trade Head-quarters, we have finished our journeyings over the Salvation Head-quarters. It is most certainly an immense business, and perfectly arranged. All seem to have plenty to do, and do it right cheerfully, as if they liked it; and one comes away with a feeling that, whether it be right or wrong in its teaching and its peculiar methods, the Salvation Army has the power to make men and women work—work hard, and with smiling faces.

## A BOULEVARD THEATRE.

### THE PORTE SAINT-MARTIN.

MY recollections of this theatre—not the present building bearing the same name, but its predecessor—date from 1843, an epoch, from an artistic point of view, at least as brilliant as any in its history. And this is saying a great deal, for in previous years a host of celebrities—all deservedly favourites with the public—had successively appeared on its boards: the charming Jenny Vertpré, in "La Pie Voleuse," a piece which, under the title of the "Maid and the Magpie," subsequently gave Fanny Kelly an opportunity of displaying her hitherto unsuspected dramatic capabilities; Philippe, in the "Vampire"; Potier, in the "Petites Danaïdes"; and, above all, Mademoiselle Georges in "La Tour de Nesle."

Most of these achieved their greatest triumphs between 1830 and 1840, under the management of Harel, a very singular personage, whose eccentricities were a never-failing source of amusement to the members of his company. This clever, but reckless and improvident man, had been by turns editor of a newspaper, préfet—during the "Hundred Days"—banished at the Restoration, then manager of the Odéon, and finally, in 1830, he assumed the reins of government at the Porte Saint-Martin. During the ten years which elapsed between the commencement and the close of his managerial career, in spite of the production of some of the best dramas of the répertoire, and notwithstanding the engagements of Frédéric Lemaitre, Madame Dorval, and Bocage, he was constantly beset with difficulties of every kind, all of which he met with perfect gaiety and good humour, invariably taking for his maxim, "contre fortune bon cœur."

It naturally resulted that his financial embarrassments grew worse and worse; not only were his creditors unpaid, but his actors also; hardly a day elapsing without his inventive powers being taxed to answer some fresh claim on his purse. Once, Rancourt, in after years the Maître d'Ecole of the "Mystères de Paris," to whom long arrears were owing, came to him with a very serious face.

"My good friend," said he, "I have not dined to-day."

"My dear fellow," replied Harel, "you will sup all the better."

"But," objected the actor, "in order to do that I must have money."

"What! have you none?"

"Not a sou."

"It is your own fault. Go to the treasury. I have given directions that you should be paid."

Away went Rancourt to the treasurer and handed in his account, the sum total of which amounted to five hundred and fifty francs. The cashier gravely counted out twenty francs and offered them to him, saying that he was unable to give him more. Rancourt indignantly rushed back, in hopes of finding the manager; but did not meet him until the following day.

"Monsieur Harel," he said, "you have been making a fool of me. According to your directions, I went to the treasury, and was offered twenty francs!"

"And you didn't take them?"

"Take them! Of course not."

"You were wrong, mon cher, very wrong. I can't offer you as much to-day."

At last, after a long and persevering struggle, Harel was compelled to resign his post, and, in hopes of bettering his fortune, started on a professional tour through Russia and Turkey with Mademoiselle Georges, and other members of his company, from which he returned penniless, and died in 1846.

In 1840, the management of the Porte Saint-Martin was undertaken by the dramatist, Théodore Cogniard, and the first piece I saw there was "Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur"—popular at one time in London as "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life"—admirably played by Frédéric Lemaitre and Madame Dorval. These two great artists, although no longer young, were still in full possession of their unrivalled powers; and to see them both in the same drama was a treat not easily to be forgotten.

Frédéric—his surname was by common consent habitually dropped—was in the strictest sense of the word an original actor, naturally endowed with a rare creative genius, which he used or misused according to the fancy of the moment; now exciting his audience to enthusiasm by some brilliant flash of inspiration; now jarring their sensibilities by a sudden lapse into triviality of gesture and tone. So that, as G. H. Lewes justly remarks in his excellent work "On Actors and the Art of Acting":

"In his great moments he was great, but he was seldom admirable throughout an entire scene, and never throughout an entire play." It must, however, be acknowledged that his good qualities far outbalanced his defects; every part "created" by him—and in his case the phrase is not a misnomer—bore "a specific stamp of individuality"; he imitated no one, and was successfully imitated by none. Were I to select the pieces in which he most impressed me, I should mention the two concluding acts—he was too old for the earlier ones—of "Trente Ans," "Don César de Bazan," "La Dame de Saint Tropez," and, of course, "Robert Macaire." As Buridan, in the "Tour de Neale," he was undignified, and altogether inferior to Bocage; whereas, in the parts above cited, "none but himself his parallel could be."

Shortly after Frédéric's death, one of the many journalists employed on the

Paris papers, anxious to contribute his quota of gossip to the general stock, bethought himself of consulting an old dramatist, a friend of the deceased actor, from whom, as it turned out, he succeeded in gleanings about as much information as that obtained by Johnson with respect to Dryden from Colley Cibber.

"You knew Frédéric well?" began the questioner, after propitiating the other by the offer of a nondescript "weed" fabricated at Gros-Caillon.

"Intimately," was the reply; "a good sort of fellow on the whole, but too impulsive, much too impulsive."

"In what way?"

"In every way. I will give you an example. About a month before he died, we dined together at the Banquet d'Anacréon, just opposite the Porte Saint-Martin, and what do you think he did?"

"Tell me," said the journalist, anticipating some curious disclosure.

"Well," resumed his informant, in a pathetically impressive tone, "he emptied the entire cruet of vinegar into the salad, and spoiled it!"

The old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," might have been correctly applied to Madame Dorval, for she never remained long in any theatre, and up to the close of her career was perpetually in embarrassed circumstances, while other actresses with not a tithe of her talent—I might almost say genius—were busily making their "pile." These only too frequent financial collapses may partly be attributed to her habitual carelessness in money matters, and partly to her generous and confiding disposition, always prompt to respond to the appeals—whether genuine or not—of her poorer colleagues, and never so happy as when relieving the wants of others at the expense of her own. As a natural consequence, notwithstanding the large salaries from time to time received by her, the latter years of her life, chiefly passed in provincial wanderings, were one continued struggle against poverty; and long before her death, in June, 1849, the very name of the great artist, whose creations of Adèle d'Hervey, Kitty Bell, and Marie Jeanne were once household words, had been well-nigh forgotten.

Marie Dorval was unquestionably the best dramatic actress I ever saw; with no pretension to refined elegance of manner or to studied purity of diction, she was occasionally coarse, but more often sublime.

A true creature of impulse, endowed with an inexhaustible fund of energy and tenderness, she could make her audience by turns quail before her, and by some exquisite touch of pathos melt them to tears. Of all her personations, Marie Jeanne was perhaps the most effective. It was not acting, but stern and terrible reality, and nothing within my recollection has surpassed it.

The last of the famous trio, my old and valued friend Bocage, made his mark at this theatre by his admirable creations of Buridan in the "Tour de Nesle," and Antony, in the extraordinary drama of that name. I have before me, while I write, a life-like drawing of him in the latter part, by the clever and lamented artist, Alexandre Lacachie; tall, thin, and pale, an ideal representative of Dumas's sentimentally "fatalist" hero. Like Madame Dorval, he was essentially an actor of drama, thoroughly unconventional, and, as John Kemble remarked of Kean, "terribly in earnest." His interpretation of "Tartuffe," during his short stay at the Théâtre Français, has been described as "saturnine and sensual, forcible and true," and I regret not to have seen him play it. His dislike, however, to be fettered by traditional rules soon caused his withdrawal from the "house of Molière," where he was in every sense of the word out of place. In 1846 he became manager of the Odéon, and produced there an old tragedy of Rotrou, "Le Martyre de Saint-Genest," he himself undertaking the title-part. Being extremely short-sighted, he constantly wore an eye-glass, which, dangling from a black ribbon, presented a somewhat incongruous effect, and was immediately "spotted" by the caricaturists of the day. Bocage died shortly after the proclamation of the Empire, having previously, being a staunch Republican, voluntarily abdicated his managerial post.

Once, and once only at this theatre, I saw Mademoiselle Georges as the Marquise de Brinvilliers in "La Chambre Ardente." She had become enormously stout, and moved about with difficulty; but her voice was still marvellously clear and penetrating, and, looking at her finely-shaped head and majestic bearing, it was easy to imagine what she must have been in the early days of the century, when contesting with Mademoiselle Duchesnois the palm of supremacy, and subjugating even the partisans of her rival by the irresistible magic of her beauty.

Besides these "chefs de file," the Porte Saint-Martin was rich in excellent artists, a few of whom deserve especial mention. Clarence, a talented and sympathetic "jeune premier"; Jemma, the Chourineur of the "Mystères de Paris"; Mademoiselle Clarisse Miroy, in her youth the heroine of "La Grâce de Dieu," but at the period I speak of, a buxom and vivacious dame of some forty-five summers; and the extremely pretty Mademoiselle Andréa. These were subsequently reinforced by Fechter, Dumaine, Madame Marie Laurent—the "Jack Sheppard" of the Boulevard stage—and the very attractive Madame Rey, an unrehearsed "effect" in whose dramatic career I remember witnessing. She was playing Madame Bonacieux in "La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires," and towards the end of the piece, in the scene where she was in the act of raising to her lips the cup into which Milady had just poured the poison, a voice from the gallery suddenly exclaimed: "Don't drink it, madame, c'est de la mort aux rats! I saw that horrible woman put it in." This "naïveté," as might be expected, set the whole house in a roar; the "horrible woman"—Madame Person—literally shook with suppressed merriment, while poor Madame Rey, hiding her face in her handkerchief to conceal her laughter, was for some minutes unable to recover herself sufficiently to drain the fatal draught, and prepare to breathe her last in the arms of D'Artagnan.

I am afraid even to hazard a guess as to the number of performances—revivals included—attained up to date by that stupendous fairy spectacle, the "Biche au Bois," which, as far as popularity is concerned, has equalled, if not surpassed, the celebrated "Pied de Mouton." Barring two exquisite specimens of scene-painting, the "Castle of Steel," and the "Forest of Sycamores," it appeared to me to differ in no essential respect from the ordinary run of show-pieces; in a word, to be as plotless and tedious as a modern English pantomime.

I have a painful recollection of having sat it out, on its first production, from seven p.m. to one a.m., and have no hesitation in declaring, that if "Billy" Dunn, the eccentric stage-manager of Drury Lane, had been alive to undergo a similar infliction, he would have been more than justified in pronouncing his invariable verdict:

"Wants cutting!"

## THE TREVERTON MARRIAGE.

A SHORT SERIAL STORY.

### CHAPTER VII.

BEATRIX sat alone in the shady room in the hotel at Bigorre, in the Pyrenees. The room was fairly cool, and full of the scent of sweet flowers; outside, beyond the shadow of the awning, the sun blazed and burned, the brilliant flowers flared, the grass baked on the hot, hard earth. Down in the valley the goat-bells tinkled; from the hidden town the convent bells chimed; voices came softly and fitfully on the gentle wind. A girl passed, singing, out of sight. Before her the great serrated bastions of the Pyrenees lifted their white crowns against the cloudless blue of the burning sky.

Her whole heart and soul were full of the beauty, the majesty, the peace of it. The happiness brimmed over from her swelling heart and flooded the vast world spread out before her. It seemed to her as if her joy had made the sunshine; a joy so great that no city could have contained it, so she must needs have brought it up to these lonely heights. No woman was ever so happy; no woman had ever won such a husband. She thought with wondering pity of all the women left in the world who must get along somehow in life without Everard. There seemed almost a cruelty, an injustice in it, that, through no fault of theirs, their lives should be left so blank, wasted so utterly—that she should have absorbed all that was worth having in life. She wondered if they could possibly hope to be satisfied with life. She had heard often of the sorrow and disappointment which are in store for all—the loneliness and sadness of those who wake up after love's young dream, and find it a vanished illusion. She could quite believe that now: what could life be but loneliness and disappointment for all those other women?

She had been married a fortnight—a fortnight so full of happiness, which was ever varied, ever new, that it seemed like months. Not the smallest, thinnest cloud had crossed the boundless sunshine, which had been like the sunshine blazing over the world outside. Far away, thunder-clouds might be gathering, but they were still below her horizon, and she thought as

little of them as she thought of the next mountain thunder-storm, while the sky above was high and cloudless, and the air around fresh and sweet. She knew her step-daughter would be angry, but it was impossible to realise, or even to think of her anger in this serene atmosphere of love and content, far away from the world of discord. There had been no letter from her in answer to her father's communication. They could not be offended at this neglect, it was so perfectly natural. Sir Everard had only alluded once or twice to her silence with an indulgent laugh.

"It would be a blow to her, poor girl; but she is wise not to put her thoughts on paper until she has cooled down and got over the shock, so that she can see things in their true light. Such a letter as I should have expected her to write, on the spur of the moment, would only have given fuel to the flame; it would not have been a relief to her. She is wise, and she shows how true her affection is for me by keeping silence till she can speak without giving me pain."

Letters of any sort had reached them scantily and irregularly, for they had been roaming about the lonely Pyrenean heights and gorges at their own sweet will. To-day a budget of letters had been brought, but there was not a letter from Helena amongst them. For herself there were four; three business letters, which she read and tore up impatiently—what desecration to remind her of business in this fairy world! The other was from a Wellingby lady who had alternately dropped and patronised Miss Lyon, and on the strength of such acquaintance, wrote to congratulate Lady Treverton in the tone of a dearest, closest friend, and to trust that she and Sir Everard would spare a few days from their honeymoon travels to visit Acacia Lodge, Wellingby.

"Such is life," laughed Beatrix. "She had not a spare corner to offer me when Dr. Vaughan suggested that I should go there during the dismantling of our house."

Sir Everard's letters lay on the table. He had gone out to arrange about some expedition for next day. There were nineteen letters for him. His wife turned them over with a delicious, still-new sense of her perfect right to do so. "All business," she settled; and dismissing them as unworthy of consideration, she returned to her dreamy contemplation of the sunny world.

Then a sound made her heart beat fast,



and her face light. If, after a fortnight of matrimony, a bride's heart has ceased to beat at her husband's footstep, it must be because a long engagement has exhausted such heart-beats. Beatrix had not even known her husband for the length of the shortest ordinary engagement. She shut her eyes and pretended that she was asleep. It was good for him that he should have such little temporary disappointments, and she loved to feel him stoop over her, and kiss her on the eyelids, and then to wake straight to meet his passionate blue eyes close to hers.

But it happened that Sir Everard, though quite as deeply in love, was in the first place a man whose love we are told is "as a thing apart," and not as a woman's, his "whole existence"; also, he was forty-seven, and not twenty, and he had been in love before. There was room in his mind for some fragment of interest in his home affairs, and having heard outside that the letters had come, he hurried in to get them with a zest born of long abstinence from home news. His wife was asleep, he thought—tired, no doubt, after their morning mountain walk. He did not think of waking her, but took up his letters, ran a glance over them all, and picking out one from his country solicitors, Messrs. Clay and Hay, of Monkchester, opened and read it.

Beatrix lay back in her chair with her eyes shut. For the first time she was hurt and offended—that he should have preferred his stupid letters to her! And business letters, too! She heard him tear open the envelope and unfold the paper. She would not disturb him—she would go on with her sham slumber. By-and-by, when it pleased his high-mightiness, he would come to wake her, and she would pretend to wake up cross, annoyed at seeing him, showing him that she preferred her sleep to his society. . . . How still the room was! How still the garden, and the valley, and the hills beyond! The insects buzzed loud in the sunshine; the leaves of the orange-trees rustled softly to the faint whisper of the wind. What a long time he was over that letter! She had not heard him turn the page. When would he turn it? How closely it must be written! She listened with intense interest, wondering when he would turn the page over. Then it grew to painful suspense. The summer-flies droned; down in the village somebody was playing a mandolin. . . . Why, she was almost asleep in real earnest, when she

woke up with a start, as if the mountain rock beneath her had been rent asunder. It was her husband tearing open another envelope.

"Awake, Trix?" he said, half absently. "What made you jump like that? Have you been dreaming?"

His voice sounded curiously cold. Chilled and frightened, she turned her face to him, saying:

"Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing; what should be?" he returned, evasively. "Go to sleep again; you are tired. You have been sleeping in an uncomfortable position, which made you dream. See, the sun has gone round the corner, and it grows chilly. You must have a rug."

He took one from the sofa, and a cushion, folding the rug carefully over her and putting the cushion behind her head; all with the deep tenderness to which she was accustomed; and yet there was something new in it which she could not define, only vaguely feel. It made her feel suddenly sad and ready to cry; yet there was nothing wanting in it. He seemed even more tender than ever, more anxiously protective. Perhaps it was remorse for her impatience and for her innocent deception; perhaps she had really caught a little sudden chill, for her eyes filled with tears, and a sob rose to her throat, and she caught his hand from her neck, where he was smoothing the soft woollen couverte, and kissed it passionately.

"My darling, you have overtired yourself," he said, uneasily. "Have you been feeling dull?"

"Yes. Don't go on reading those tiresome letters."

"I must just glance at this one. It is from Larrock and Key, my London solicitors."

"Then it will keep. Hush! There is the Angelus ringing from the Carmelite Convent. How the bells answer each other from hill to hill, like the angels in Isaiah's vision! How solemn, how still it is——"

"Deep is the silence, as of summer noon,  
When a soft shower shall trickle soon."

"It won't be a very soft one," said Sir Everard, drawn away from his mail-brought cares by her gentle persistence and the influence of the solemn noontide hush. "There will be thunder presently."

He knelt on the ground beside her, holding her hand. They watched and

listened silently: her eyes upon the distant dazzling peaks, his upon her face.

A moment ago his soul had been filled with storm and fury; now calm had come, and light with it. A moment ago the sweetness and peace seemed to have been driven out of his life, giving place, not to despair, not even to suspicion, but to maddening rage that such news should have come to mar the beauty of his happiness. The miserable, drivelling pettifoggers! How had they dared to hint such things; how had they dared to repeat to him what they had been vile enough to hear? "Thought it their duty to make him aware," indeed! Aware of what?—of the chattering of magpies and carrion-crows? "That there were unpleasant rumours about; all, of course, foolish, if not wicked; but since they were inconsistent with the respect due to himself and Lady Treverton, he would probably see well to contradict them, if he did not think them of sufficient importance to institute an action for libel."

"The rogues! They were affronted at not having their fingers in the marriage-settlement pie," he thought. "Now they write, partly out of revenge on me, and partly, no doubt, in hope that they may goad me into bringing a libel action."

He looked down at his wife's expressive face, at her deep, true eyes. That he trusted her fully, utterly, unassailably, was not to be wondered at; but what glamour was over the eyes of the rest of the world, that they should not see her as he saw her?

His eyes drew hers from the landscape up to his. She sighed a long, happy sigh.

"A penny for your thoughts, my sweet," he said. "Are you growing homesick? Was that sigh for England, home, and beauty? What news have you had by post?"

"Only a letter from a Wellingby acquaintance, whom I hardly knew," she said, as he picked up the envelope, with its big monogram and "Acacia Lodge" on the flap.

"She writes tremendously long letters for a mere acquaintance," said Sir Everard, glancing at the torn fragments of note-paper on the floor beside her chair.

Beatrice flushed scarlet, then said, with hurried evasiveness:

"She writes a large, sprawling hand, does she not? She is a pushing, insincere sort of woman. What have you arranged about going to Tarbes?"

He would not for one moment have harboured the least particle of disloyal thought; his was the fierce faith that would accept anything in defiance of sense and reason. So he studiously averted his eyes from the floor, that a fancy which had struck him might not be encouraged—a fancy that though the envelope was addressed in a bold, running hand, with many tails and dashes, a scrap of paper had audaciously turned up to him a lying face; a face written closely over with small, close, regular writing; the hand of a man, he could almost have sworn.

They discussed the expedition to Tarbes with a great deal of question, and detail, and surmise, but very little attention. It took all his mind to help thinking of that scrap of paper. The strain was becoming awful. He was beginning to think he had seen the words written upon it. Were they affectionate words, such as no man should dare write to his wife? Could he not see them now, written black, clear, regular, upon the white awning that screened the window? "Dear," "Dearest," "My love"—were not those the words? He began to suffer torments.

"Are you not well, dear?" asked Beatrice, in tender anxiety, as she looked up at his whitening face.

"Has miladi letters for the post? The factor will call in half an hour."

The interruption broke the strain, and dispelled the bad dream. In turning his eyes from the garden to the servant, he saw the haunting scrap of paper. He was right as to the shape, and the close, black writing, but he could not possibly have made out a word. The "dear" and "dearest" were only written on the retina of his imagination. The other scraps were farther out of sight, covered, or turned blank side up.

With a laugh of relief, he said to Beatrice:

"I declare I had forgotten the letters. I must look over them, love, if you don't mind. Some may require an answer at once. They have already been delayed, following us about."

He gathered them up unread, and carried them away. He dared not read more in his wife's presence, lest she should guess their possible contents. She did not notice his action, except with relief.

"The tiresome thing," she exclaimed, stooping to pick up the fragments of her own letters, as soon as he was gone. "I must tell him some time about my literary

work; but there is no need to talk of business here; it is past and done."

"Have I left my cigar-case here, Trix?" asked her husband, returning.

There she was, down upon the floor, carefully picking up the bits of paper. It was only tidiness, of course; but surely there was some receptacle for waste paper to be found, and she need not have crammed them all into her pocket so hastily. Stooping, too, makes the face red; but why should she look as if she had been detected in a felony?

"Pshaw! that fellow's impertinence has set my reason astray," he told himself, and he took up his cigar-case and went out. "I am worse than Othello."

Nevertheless, he sought out the Gray's Inn solicitors' letter next, and with a cold fear that made his fingers tremble. What if they, too, talked of rumours? He must needs attend when they spoke—they, whose forefathers had acted for his forefathers, who held his honour and interest close to heart, who never spoke without grave cause.

In the relief that followed his glance along the letter, he hardly took in the sense of it; all he understood was that they alluded to no "rumours," so here was proof that there were no rumours beyond the "rustic cackle of the bourg" of Monkchester. But there was still something strange and unexpected. He must read it again.

Messrs. Larrock and Key wrote to him at the request of his daughter, Miss Helena Augusta Treverton, praying that he would at once settle so much money upon her as would maintain her separately, and according to her position, until her marriage with Lord Monkchester. Miss Treverton had determined on living from henceforth apart from her father, and however regrettable this determination might be, she was of age, and free to choose. They trusted Sir Everard would act kindly and generously by her, as the young lady was very resolute, and absolutely determined on not residing under her father's roof under present circumstances.

"Poor Lena," thought her father, with an indulgent smile. "Well, it might have been unpleasant for us all. One can hardly blame her. It is only for a week or two, of course, and then she will be off to Chimborazo. Why can't she stay on with the Carlauries? I suppose Carlaurie will see that all is right. Thank Heaven, there is no question of my giving

her away, since the wedding will be on the other side of the globe, and so we need not hurry home."

Then he read the last paragraph of the letter:

"We are also requested to inform you, as it bears upon the matter of sufficient income, that Miss Treverton's marriage with Lord Monkchester is indefinitely postponed."

"The villain!" cried the outraged British father. "Has he dared? It was indefinite before. He can hardly have had time to write from Chimborazo. Let me see. He sailed on the day we were engaged—five weeks ago. Letters take thirty-three days to come. Unless he wrote to put off the wedding from the middle of the Atlantic—which is hardly likely—it cannot be his doing. He may have telegraphed immediately on his arrival; there has been time for that. Some fighting may be going on, making the place unpleasant for a lady. Helena is a great deal more unlikely to have put it off than he. The sooner the better for her, under the circumstances, poor girl. 'Under present circumstances,' Key said, as if they could be altered." He laughed a laugh of confident triumph; but broke short. "Why did Key say 'present'? Lawyers are careful what words they use. 'Present,' implies circumstances that are only temporary."

Again the vague uneasiness seized him. Was something brewing he did not know of? Why had Beatrix tried to hide her letters? Poor love, he had not thought of it! Perhaps she, too, had had hints of "rumours," and in love for him had hidden them from him—as he had hidden his news from her. He would go to her at once and find out; such a secret, such a fear shared would lose all its sting. "Letters?" He had none, he answered his servant, impatiently, who came to tell him time was up. Where was his mistress? Gone to vespers at the Carmelite Convent.

What in the world had taken her to the Carmelite Convent in the heat of the day, with thunder already rolling in the mountains, and without having told him of her intention? His mind was all disturbed. Though he had not a doubt of her, though he scoffed at the very idea of mystery, the air round him seemed full of doubts and mysteries, and all sorts of wild suggestions were whispering around him. Why had she gone to the Carmelites in this sudden way? A reasonless fear took possession

of him. Had something happened to part them—something of which she had been told in the torn-up letter? Was her silence to spare him, to leave herself free to escape, to put a barrier like death itself between them? He thought of Louise de la Vallière, how she fled to the Carmelites from her Royal lover when conscience woke within her. He could not even reason, much less examine the exactness of his historical parallel—he could only rush after his truant wife.

The rain was already falling, the sky was dark, and the thunder rolling overhead; but he hurried to the chapel unconscious of it all. The door was not bolted and barred, like the door of La Vallière's convent—there was only the heavy curtain to push aside.

He could not see her at first, for the chapel was nearly dark; the painted windows were so small, and the thunder-cloud had put out the daylight. The tapers twinkled on the High Altar; the sanctuary lamp burned red in the gloom; here and there, under deep arches, lights glimmered at side altars. The monks' voices rose and fell in sweet, monotonous rhythm. The air was heavy with incense, for they had just ended the Magnificat. He fancied he saw his wife [lying] full-length on the sanctuary floor, in the darkness, covered with a black pall. He was not up in Catholic ritual and practice, and he believed she had only to rush to a convent door to be put under a pall and locked up at once and for evermore; he forgot all about the theological barriers to be surmounted. He was peering into the gloom, trying to make out that imaginary outline, when a rustle in the darkness, quite close by, caused him to look round, and he saw her just sitting down, and slowly beginning to fan herself with her great red fan. He went up to her, and whispered:

"My darling, I thought I had lost you!"

She looked astonished and rather frightened at the passionate thankfulness in his voice and eyes. Then she smiled, and whispered:

"How should you lose me? I was lonely, and the house was unbearably close, and it seemed cooler outside; and the bell rang, and so I came. It is so quiet and cool in here. I am glad you came, for we shall have to wait till the storm is over, and I should have been frightened alone."

They sat together in the fragrant dark, the holy silence. The monks were gone, the tall tapers were put out, but the lamps at the altars shone steadily on. The small peasant congregation had gone, too. The thunder crashed, the lightning flashed, the rain splashed over them; war and turmoil outside, peace within. He thought as he sat there, with her so close beside him, that this was the sweetest hour he had known yet. He had never loved her so much as now, when he had just realised what it would be to lose her.

The storm cleared, and they went out into the sunshine again—into a world cool and clear from its plenteous bath. The birds were singing lustily; the peasants, in their red and blue caps, appeared from under archways and out of doorways, and went on their way with their mules and goats.

Sir Everard felt that he had gone through a great experience; that he had been shown, in a terrible vision—a Brocken night, or a Dantesque glimpse of hell—what punishments were in store for the jealous and suspicious. But he said, gravely:

"You must not play me such a trick again, love, in this outlandish region of brigands to kidnap, and precipices to fall over. You must always tell me where you are going. There must be no secrets and mysteries between us, now and evermore, or life will be misery."

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